

Asoko Sohryu Langley

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Summary: New arrival Asuka is given a nickname by her classmates, and she isn't too thrilled about it... even less so when she finds out what it **really** means...

Asoko Sohryu Langley

All I ever knew about Evangelion, I learned from reading fanfiction...

>
So I've got no business doing this.

>
But it's too damn good to pass up.

>
=====

>
SLAM!!

>
Ooooh... I **wish** she wouldn't do that. Especially after a night

>like last night Hangovers are supposed to go away after a few hours,

but Misato's had been hanging on all day, or so it seemed, if Asuka

>was already home from school. Of course, Misato had consumed enough

'hair of the dog' throughout the day to account for a good-sized

>litter.

>Best to try to put on a happy face, though. If that slam meant

anything, it was that Asuka was mad. And if Asuka was mad, well...

>things would be getting pretty noisy soon. And noise was the **last**

thing Misato needed about now. She drew a deep breath as she stood

>up, and prepared to walk into the apartment's kitchen.

>"Okaeri nasai, Asuka-chan!"

>The redhead whirled violently on Misato, who cringed in pain as Asuka

screamed at her. "Don't you DARE call me that again! EVER!!"

>

>ASOKO LANGLEY SOHRYU
an Evangelion spamfic (with a twist of lime)

>by Ukyou Kuonji

>
Misato was sipping, reluctantly, at a chocolate milk that Asuka had

>prepared for her as a peace offering. After peeling her NERV-
appointed guardian off the floor, Asuka realized that Misato had

>actually said her proper name and not shudder...

>"A nickname, huh?" The redhead nodded sullenly while Misato stared in
slight surprise at her drink. Huh. Damn thing really works. She

>peered at Asuka, wondering how on earth she'd known this was such a
hangover remedy at her tender age. She sighed. "Kids can be so cruel

>sometimes, especially when they're dealing with someone who's...
different..."

>
"Tell me about it... and they *have* to pick on me just 'cause I'm a

>'gaijin' or whatever-the-hell it is, and my name sounds like that.

I mean, really, if someone deserves to be called 'It', it should be

>Shinji. Commander Ikari treats him like an object, after all, and
he's his *father*..."

>
Misato arched an eyebrow. "Commander Ikari treats *everyone* like

>objects, Asuka. Shinji just stands out because, as his son, he's the
one person the Commander *shouldn't* treat that way. But," and she

>shrugged, "there *are* extenuating circumstances, after all..."

>"Yeah, like Gendo being a prime bastard..."

>A small smile began to form on Misato's pained face, mirroring
Asuka's. "Yes, well... that too." Then, she caught herself. "Did

>you say... 'it'? That's what they called you?"

>"Well, yeah. Asoko. That's what the kids started calling me today.
Means 'it' or 'thing', doesn't it?" A sweatdrop formed on the back

>of Misato's neck as Asuka continued. "I mean, come on, *Wondergirl's*
a goddam thing, I tell ya..."

>
"Umm, Asuka?"

>
"...Flat as a board, no emotions... the kid's not human."

>
"Asuka?"

>
"I'll bet she isn't even a she... nothing there but 'Made in Japan'

>stamped on her butt like a stupid Barbie doll, only uglier."

>"Asuka!" Misato brought a hand to her forehead as the noise rang in
her ears. Noise *she* had created. "I don't think 'asoko' means what

>you think it means..." She could feel her face begin to flush, and
wondered if Asuka suspected anything.

>
"Huh? Well, that's what that geek Kensuke told me it meant. He

>seemed nice enough... not the sort to lie about something like
that..." She pondered Kensuke's expression as he had explained the

>definition to her. "Maybe he was, though... he certainly couldn't
look me in the eye... and his face was kinda... well, like yours,

>Misato."

>The NERV lieutenant blinked. "Like mine?"

>"Yeah, all red and everything. What's going on? Was he lying to me?

What's it mean?"
>
"Ah... no, he wasn't lying, not exactly. How to say this...?"

>
"Geez, just spit it out, already. How bad could it be?" Asuka's

>voice dropped to a low grumble of Germanic oaths as Misato continued

to puzzle out a suitable explanation.
>
Finally, with a roll of her eyes and a resigned expression,
Misato
>began. "Okay, Kensuke wasn't lying... loosely translated, 'it' or

'thing' works just fine. It's just... that it's a *particular*

>thing..."

>Asuka gave Misato a doubtful look. "A... *particular* thing..."

she parroted.
>
"Uh, yeah. Literally, it means... 'down there.' *That*
particular
>thing."

>Silence.

>Absolute, utter silence.

>Asuka stared at Misato in disbelief and horror, as the explanation

sank in, but otherwise, she made neither a move nor a sound.

>
The part of Misato's brain that was still recovering from the
hangover
>had just started congratulating the rest of the organization on a
job
well done when a growl began to rumble from across the table.
Every
>functioning synapse grew a sweatdrop as her eyes were riveted

helplessly on the building volcano.
>
This was gonna hurt...
>
"yeeeeee-AAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGH!! I'M GONNA *KILL* THEM!!!!"

>With a howl that would have drowned out an Angel attack and pierced

through an AT field, Asuka Langley Sohryu erupted, burying Lt.
Misato
>Katsurnagi under countless tons of unfocussed rage before mercifully

stomping out of the apartment, presumably to wreck holy vengeance

>on the male population of Tokyo-3.

>God help us all.

>=====

>This is the sort of thing that comes to you when you have a
reference
book on Japanese swear words. You just gotta use 'em
now and again.
>
I'm assuming that Asuka's grasp of Japanese isn't perfect when
she
>shows up in Tokyo-3, and what with the language being so difficult
to
learn and to relate to for a non-native speaker (ask anyone
trying to
>translate manga or anime, why don'tcha), she may have missed some of

its more, ah, colorful, aspects.
>
Come to think of it, I hope *I* understood the word properly, or
the
>whole thing falls flat. It seems like the sort of things kids might

do; your typical playground name-calling and all that. And what
I've

>read about Asuka suggests that she's quite the tease as it is, so
the
moniker fits her better than would seem at first blush.

>
Anyway, enough chatter for now. Just proving I'm alive and
kicking.

>Till next time, ja!

>Itsu mo,
Ucchan ^_^

End
file.